WAR AND FIGHTING MEN
FRONTLINE COMBAT
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
EC
No. 11
MAR-APR.
LN 10
10¢
DIZZY ONE FOUR! I'VE GOT A FIX ON AN ENEMY MACHINE GUN! DO YOU SEE IT? OVER!
JACK DAVIS

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU
MAD
HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN
I...I FEEL IT IN MY BONES! SOMEONE IS GIVING ME THE EVIL EYE!
HEEHEE! THE SECOND ISSUE OF MAD IS OUT! IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE YOU SANE!
Elder

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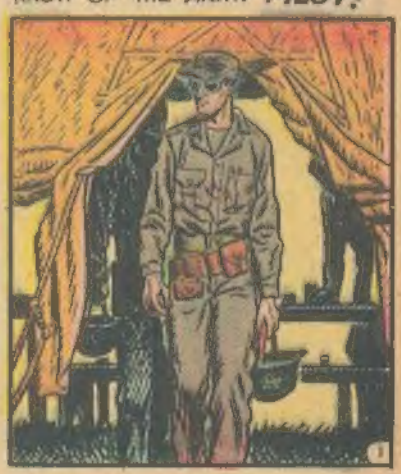
THE OTHER DAY WE CALLED THE ARMY AND ASKED THEM FOR A STORY! WHAT WE WANTED TO DO WAS TO FEATURE A BRANCH OF THE SERVICE THAT HADN'T GOTTEN TOO MUCH PUBLIC ATTENTION! WELL... THE ARMY GAVE US WHAT WE WANTED, A STORY ON THE ARMY *CESSNAS!* THE...

BIRD-DOGS!

AS YOU ALL KNOW... THE ARMED FORCES CONSIST OF THE *ARMY, NAVY* AND *AIR FORCE!*

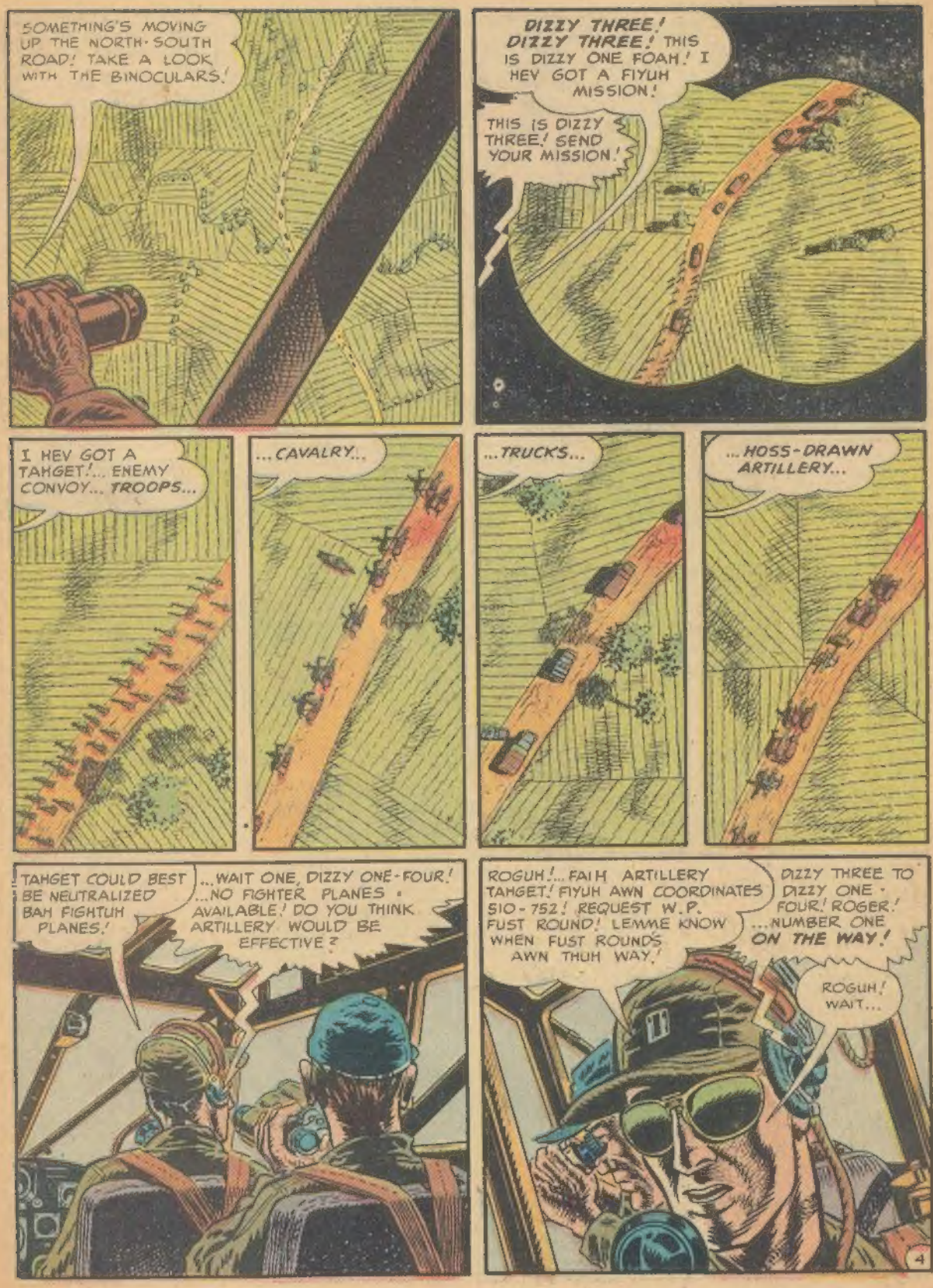
YOU ALSO KNOW THAT THE *ARMY* CONSISTS OF INFANTRY, ARTILLERY, ENGINEERS AND SO FORTH!

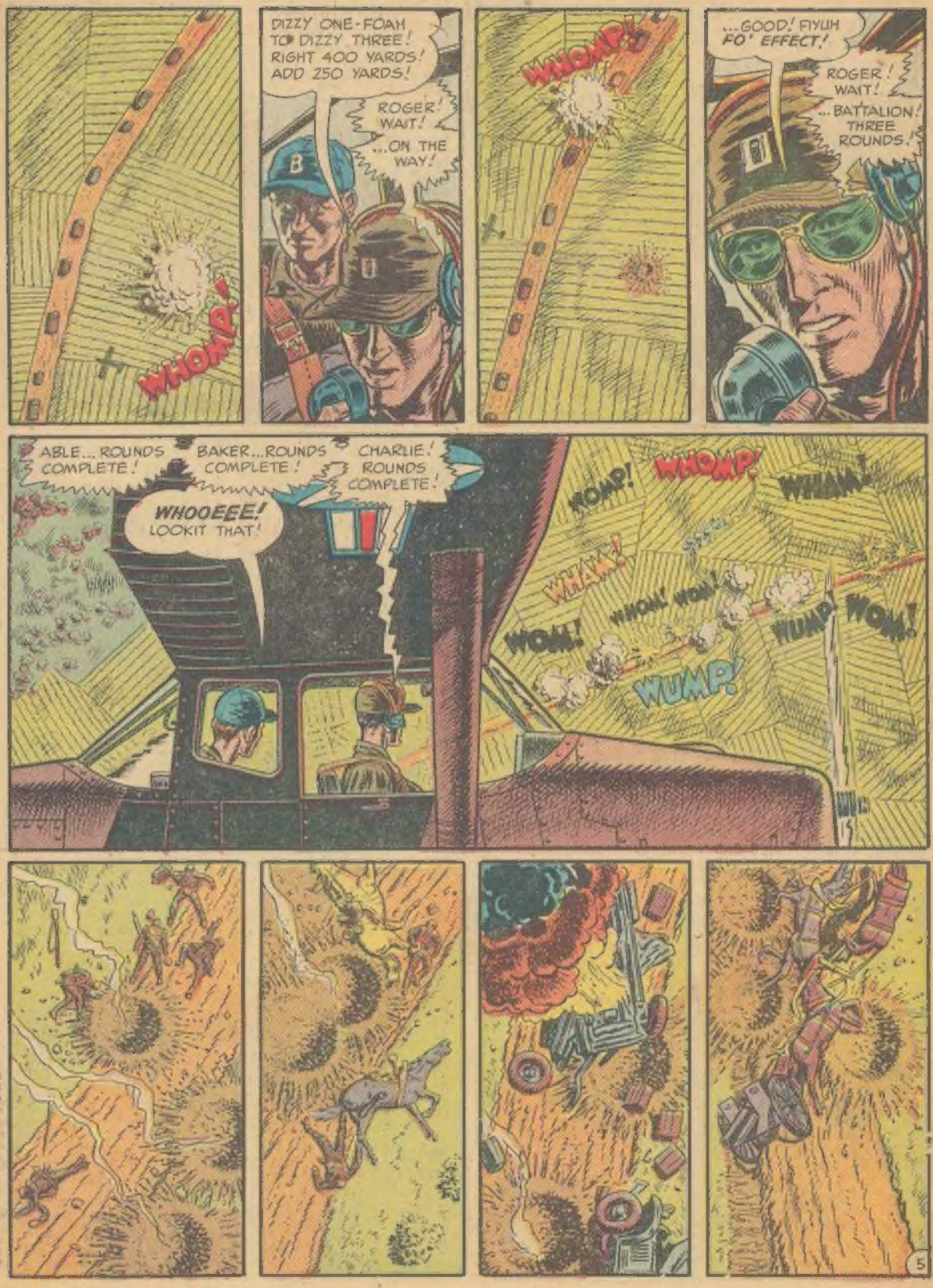
BUT HOW MANY OF YOU KNOW ABOUT *ARMY AVIATION?* HOW MANY KNOW OF THE *ARMY PILOT!*



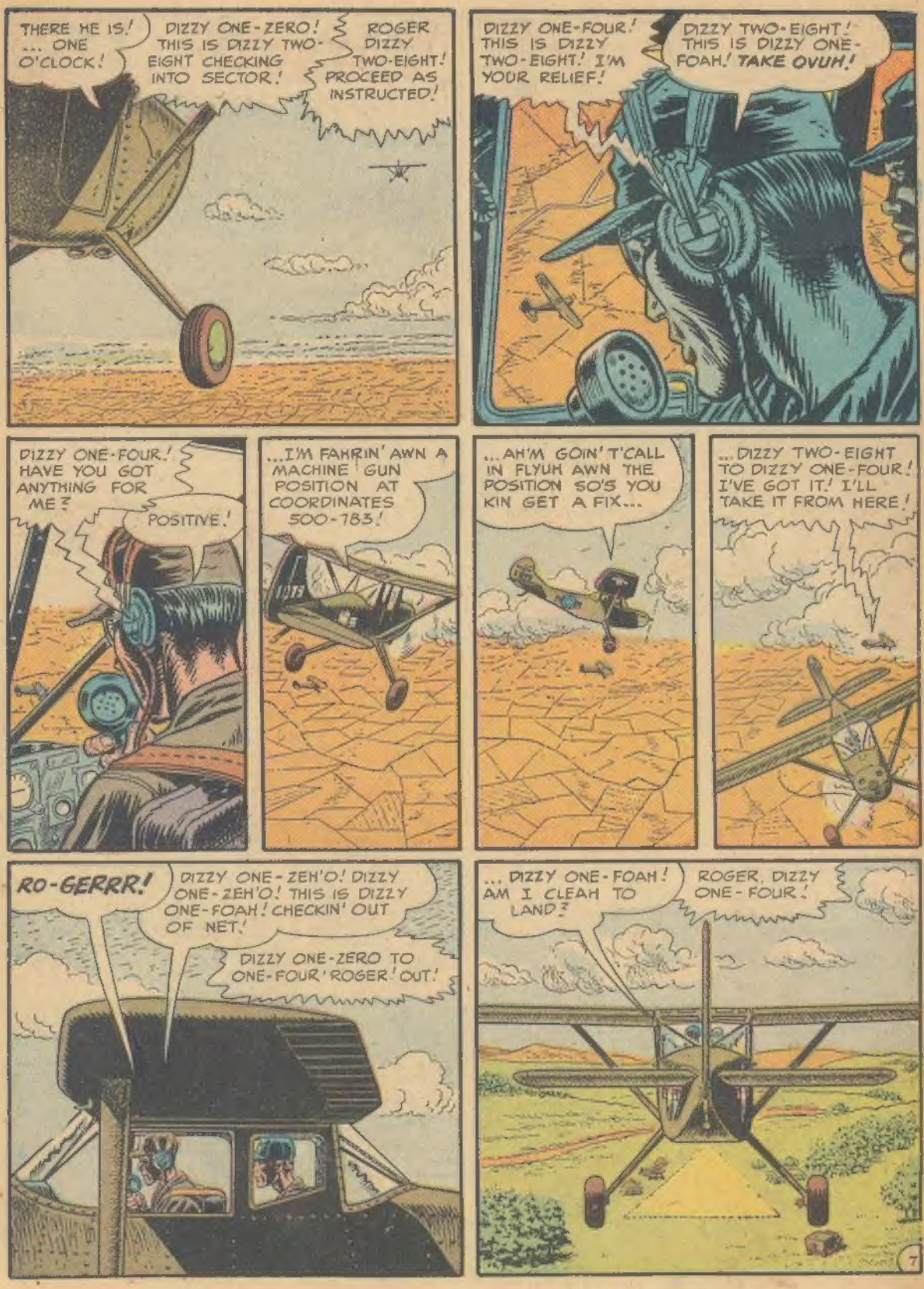
50 MINUTES TO MISSION TIME, BOY!
PUT DOWN THAT 'MICKEY SPILLANE' AN' LE'S GET BRIEFED!
...MORNING, MAJOR! LOOKS LAK GOOD FLYIN' WEATHER!
...MORNING!... WELL! IF EVERYONE'S HERE, WE'LL GET ON WITH THE BRIEFING!
HERE'S THE SITUATION! OUR FRONTLINE TROOPS ARE LOCATED ROUGHLY ON LINE COORDINATES 324-752...
TAP TAP
...LAST MISSION REPORTED ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE AT APPROXIMATE COORDINATES 320-789...
...5TH REGIMENT HAS RECEIVED 35 ROUNDS OF ARTILLERY FIRE WHICH WE'D LIKE TO LOCATE AND NEUTRALIZE...
...WATCH FOR WITHDRAWING ENEMY CONVOYS ON THE NORTH SOUTH ROAD! THAT'S ABOUT IT! REPORT IN AT END OF MISSION FOR DEBRIEFING!
COME AWN, BOY! PUT AWAY THAT POCKETBOOK! WE GOT WORK TUH DO!
HEY, SERGEANT! HOW'S THE OL' BIRD-DAWG?
ALL HOT, GASSED AND READY TO GO, CAPTAIN!
1079
2

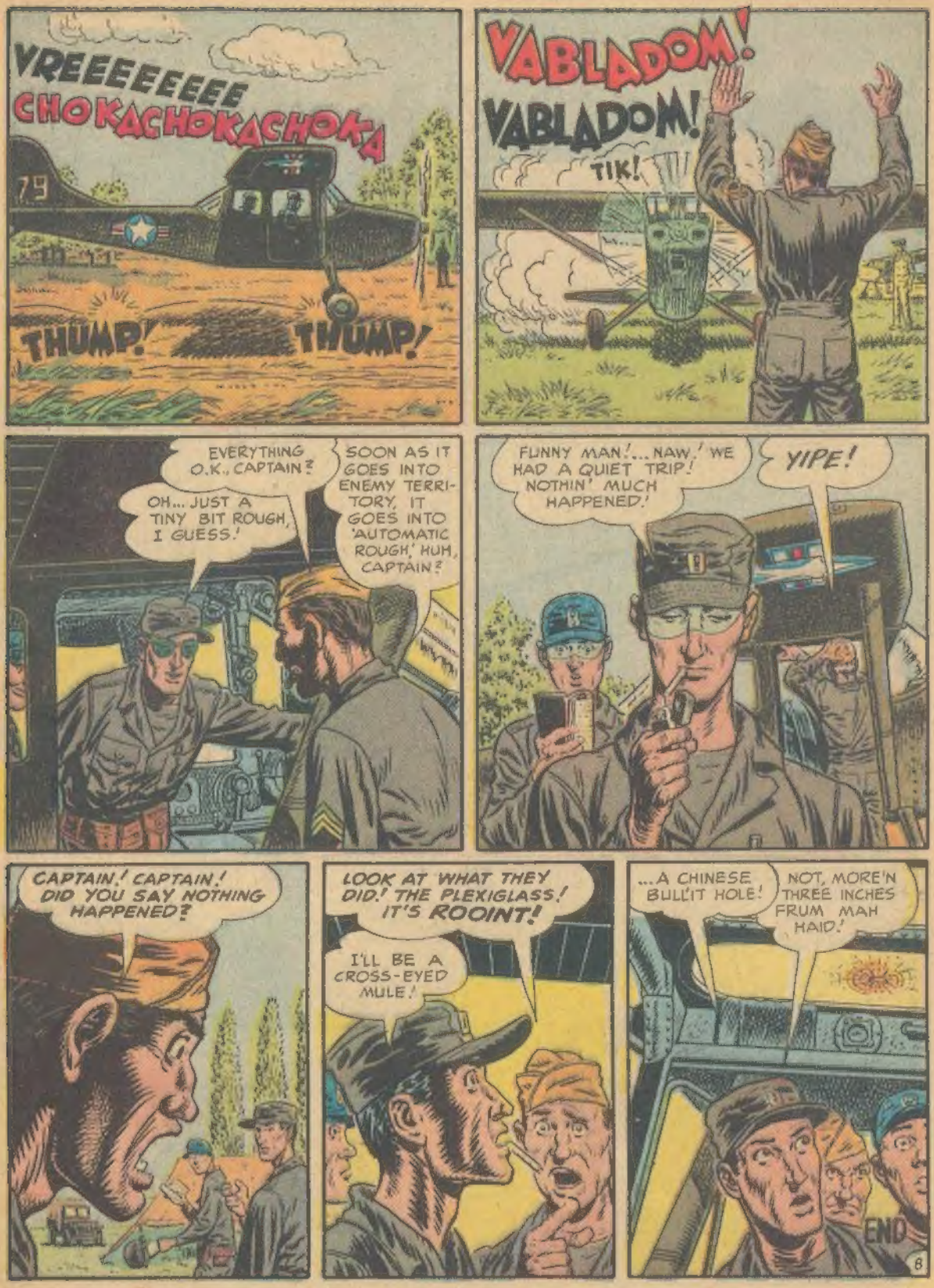
WELL... HYAR WE GO!
SWITCH AWN!
CLIK!
CLEAH?
BREEBDEEP BDEE-
CLEAR!
BDLUM!
DIZZY ONE-FOAH ...READY FO' TAKE-OFF!
ONE-FOUR, CLEAR TO GO!
BRRRRUM
BRRRRAU-RRRRROWR
DIZZY ONE-ZERO...THIS IS DIZZY ONE-FOAH CHECKIN' INTA NET! HAVE YOU GOT ANY-THANG FO' ME?
DIZZY ONE-FOUR! THIS IS DIZZY ONE-ZERO! I READ YOU! STOP BLOWING IN THE MIKE!
HEY, CAP'... TAKE A LOOK!
3


SOMETHING'S MOVING UP THE NORTH-SOUTH ROAD! TAKE A LOOK WITH THE BINOCULARS!
DIZZY THREE! DIZZY THREE! THIS IS DIZZY ONE FOAH! I HEV GOT A FIYUH MISSION!
THIS IS DIZZY THREE! SEND YOUR MISSION!
I HEV GOT A TAHGET!... ENEMY CONVOY... TROOPS...
...CAVALRY...
...TRUCKS...
...HOSS-DRAWN ARTILLERY...
TAHGET COULD BEST BE NEUTRALIZED BAH FIGHTUH PLANES!
...WAIT ONE, DIZZY ONE-FOUR! ...NO FIGHTER PLANES AVAILABLE! DO YOU THINK ARTILLERY WOULD BE EFFECTIVE?
ROGUH!... FAIH ARTILLERY TAHGET! FIYUH AWN COORDINATES 510-752! REQUEST W.P. FUST ROUND! LEMME KNOW WHEN FUST ROUNDS AWN THUH WAY!
DIZZY THREE TO DIZZY ONE-FOUR! ROGER! ...NUMBER ONE ON THE WAY!
ROGUH! WAIT...


WHOMP!
DIZZY ONE-FOAH TO DIZZY THREE! RIGHT 400 YARDS! ADD 250 YARDS!
ROGER! WAIT! ...ON THE WAY!
WHOMP!
...GOOD! FIYUH FO' EFFECT!
ROGER! WAIT! ...BATTALION! THREE ROUNDS!
ABLE... ROUNDS COMPLETE!
BAKER...ROUNDS COMPLETE!
CHARLIE! ROUNDS COMPLETE!
WHOOEEE! LOOKIT THAT!
WOMP!
WHOMP!
WHAM!
WHAM!
WHOM!
WOM!
WUMP!
WUMP!
WOM!
5

DIZZY ONE FAHVE TO DIZZY THREE! CEASE FAHRING! THAT COLUMN IS REELEE CLOBBERED!
HEY, CAP! LOOK THERE!
DIZZY ONE-FOAH TO DIZZY THREE! AH'VE GOT A TAHGET! CHINESE AA MACHINE GUN! THEY H'AIN'T CAMOUFLAGED IT YET!
DIZZY THREE TO DIZZY ONE-FOUR...
NUMBER ONE ON THE WAY!
ROGUH! WAIT!
WHUMP!
...ADD SO!
LOOKIT THAT SONOFAGUN!
HE KNOWS WE'RE CALLING IN FIRE AND HE'S TRACKING US!
WHOM!
GOOD BRACKET! DROP SO!
ROGER! WAIT! ON THE WAY!
THAT MACHINE GUN'S A LITTLE TOO CLOSE FO' COMFIT! LE'S GIT THE HECK OUTTA HYAR!
YRRRRROWWWWWWWWW
WE BEEN UP ALMOS' TWO HOURS NAOW!... RELIEF OUGHTTA BE 'LONG ANY MINNIT NAOW!
6


THERE HE IS! ... ONE O'CLOCK!
DIZZY ONE-ZERO! THIS IS DIZZY TWO-EIGHT CHECKING INTO SECTOR!
ROGER DIZZY TWO-EIGHT! PROCEED AS INSTRUCTED!
DIZZY ONE-FOUR! THIS IS DIZZY TWO-EIGHT! I'M YOUR RELIEF!
DIZZY TWO-EIGHT! THIS IS DIZZY ONE-FOAH! TAKE OVUH!
DIZZY ONE-FOUR! HAVE YOU GOT ANYTHING FOR ME?
POSITIVE!
...I'M FAHRIN' AWN A MACHINE GUN POSITION AT COORDINATES 500-783!
...AH'M GOIN' T'CALL IN FLYUH AWN THE POSITION SO'S YOU KIN GET A FIX...
...DIZZY TWO-EIGHT TO DIZZY ONE-FOUR! I'VE GOT IT! I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE!
RO-GERRR!
DIZZY ONE-ZEH'O! DIZZY ONE-ZEH'O! THIS IS DIZZY ONE-FOAH! CHECKIN' OUT OF NET!
DIZZY ONE-ZERO TO ONE-FOUR' ROGER! OUT!
... DIZZY ONE-FOAH! AM I CLEAH TO LAND?
ROGER, DIZZY ONE-FOUR!

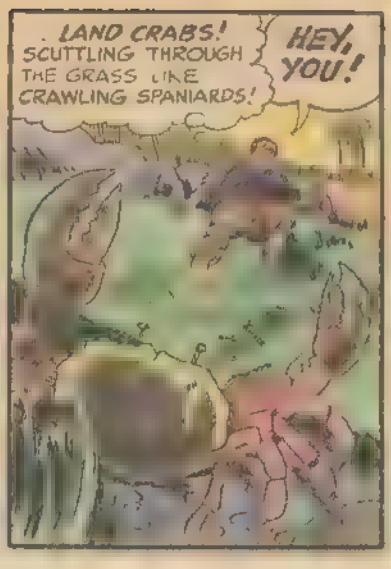

VREEEEEEEE
CHOKACHOKACHOKA
79
THUMP!
THUMP!
VABLADOM!
VABLADOM!
TIK!
EVERYTHING O.K., CAPTAIN?
OH... JUST A TINY BIT ROUGH, I GUESS!
SOON AS IT GOES INTO ENEMY TERRITORY, IT GOES INTO 'AUTOMATIC ROUGH,' HUH, CAPTAIN?
FUNNY MAN!... NAW,' WE HAD A QUIET TRIP! NOTHIN' MUCH HAPPENED!
YIPE!
CAPTAIN,! CAPTAIN! DID YOU SAY NOTHING HAPPENED?
LOOK AT WHAT THEY DID! THE PLEXIGLASS! IT'S ROOINT!
I'LL BE A CROSS-EYED MULE!
...A CHINESE BULL'IT HOLE!
NOT, MORE'N THREE INCHES FRUM MAH HAID!
END

CUBA! AN ISLAND OFF THE TIP OF FLORIDA! THE CUBANS REVOLTED AGAINST SPAIN! THE AMERICANS INTERFERED! THE SPANIARDS BLEW UP THE BATTLESHIP MAINE! WAR!. ON JULY 1ST 1898 .. UP A CUBAN SLOPE VARIOUSLY CALLED KETTLE AND SAN JUAN HILL CAME TEDDY ROOSEVELT AND HIS .

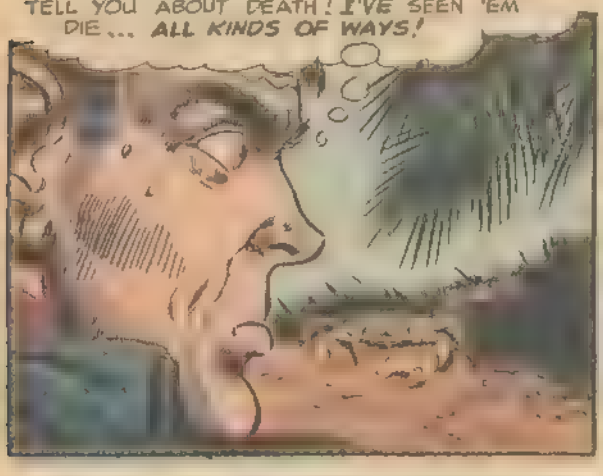
ROUGH RIDERS!

COME AWWN, BOY...
I AM HIT!
UGH! THEM MAUSER BULLETS SURE STOP YOU COLD! LIKE BEING HIT WITH A BASEBALL BAT!
I'M BLEEDING BAD! I THINK I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE HOSPITAL!
I M. GETTING DIZZY! WHAT WITH THE HEAT, THE TARANTULAS, THE VULTURES AND THE MALARIA... WOULDN'T MISS 'CUBA IF IT DISAPPEARED TOMORROW!
REST!.. I'VE GOT TO REST! I'LL JUST LIE DOWN HERE FOR A MIN...
WHO'S THAT?
2

HEH! TARANTULAS AN' VULTURES AREN'T ALL THAT ARE HERE! HEH NO SIR!


. LAND CRABS! SCUTTLING THROUGH THE GRASS LIKE CRAWLING SPANIARDS!
HEY, YOU!

WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT? GET OUT OF HERE!


I KNOW WHAT HE WANTS! HE'S WAITING! HE'S WAITING FOR DEATH! WELL I CAN TELL YOU A THING OR TWO, MR. LAND CRAB! I CAN TELL YOU ABOUT DEATH! I'VE SEEN 'EM DIE... ALL KINDS OF WAYS!

ALL KINDS OF WAYS... LIKE A FEW DAYS AGO WHEN THE SPANIARDS TRIED TO AMBUSH US AT GUASIMAS! THE BOYS WERE MOVING PAST THE GATLING GUNS...

...FINE BOYS! THE ROUGH RIDERS VOLUNTEERED FROM ALL OVER! NEW MEXICAN INDIANS! ARIZONA BRONCO BUSTERS! COLLEGE MEN! BANKERS!

FIGHTING MEN TO THE CORE.. MARCHING THROUGH A HAIL OF MAUSER BULLETS! YOU COULD HEAR THE BULLETS 'Z-Z-Z-ZEUING' BY WHEN THEY MISSED YOU...
ZZZOOING!
ZOONG!
ZING!

BUT IT'S THE ONE THAT HITS YOU THAT YOU DON'T HEAR! I'VE SEEN 'EM HIT!

THERE'S NO MISTAKING THE 'CHUG' OF A BULLET HITTING A MAN!

AND THERE'S NO MISTAKING THE JINGLING THUD OF A FALLING TROOPER!

A MAN FALLS QUICK, QUIET, AND LIMP LIKE A SACK... WITHOUT THE THEATRICALS THEY SHOW ON THE [illegible] I'VE SEEN 'EM DIE ALL KINDS OF WAYS

LYING AMONGST THE TARANTULAS! I SAW A TROOPER AT LAS GUASIMAS... HIT THREE DIFFERENT PLACES BY THE SAME MAUSER BULLET!

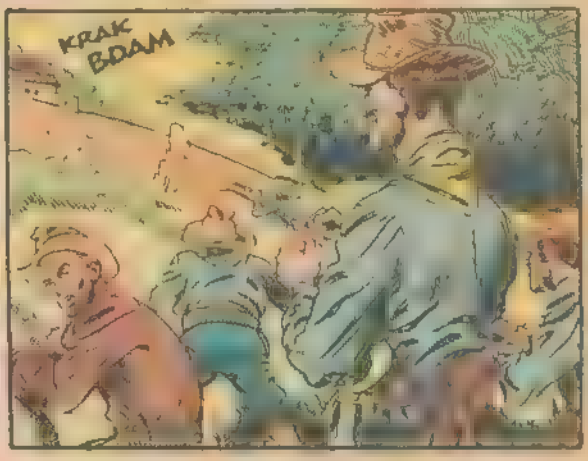
A MAUSER BULLET FROM A SPANISH SNIPER... FIRST THROUGH THE CAMPAIGN HAT...

THEN TRAVELLING ON AND TEARING AWAY THE LEFT CHEEK! THEN...

...THROUGH THE LEFT HAND RESTING BENEATH THE CHIN! FINALLY... *INTO THE CHEST!*

THEY GET SHOT EVERY WHICHAWAY! LIKE CAPTAIN BUCKY O'NEILL WALKING BACK AND FORTH BENEATH THE SPANISH RIFLES POINTING DOWN KETTLE HILL!

BUCKY O'NEILL...THE GOOD NATURED-EST OFFICER IN THE REGIMENT! THERE WASN'T A MAN SO SURE OF PULLING THROUGH THE CAMPAIGN AS BUCKY O'NEILL!

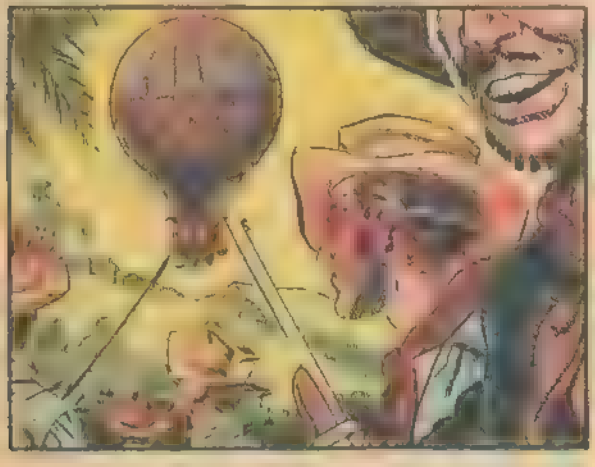


AND WHEN WE TOLD HIM HE WAS LIABLE TO BE HIT STANDING UP THAT WAY.

HE TOLD US THE SPANISH BULLET HADN'T BEEN MOULDED COULD KILL HIM!

AND THEN A SPANISH BULLET HIT HIM IN THE MOUTH AND *KILLED* HIM!

I'VE SEEN 'EM DIE ALL RIGHT! SOME FOR REASONS AN' OTHERS NEEDLESSLY! LIKE WHEN SOME FOOLS SENT UP THE OBSERVATION BALLOON!



SENT IT UP *RIGHT OVER OUR TROOPS*... A FINE TARGET FOR THE SPANISH CANNON WHICH WE COULD HEAR BUT COULD NOT SEE FOR THEIR SMOKELESS POWDER!

SO WHEN WE STOOD ON EL POSO, WE HEARD THE DULL ROAR FROM SAN JUAN...

AND ONE OFFICER SAYS.. 'THAT'S ONLY A SHELL'! SOME LAUGHED!

TWO ROUGH RIDERS NEVER LAUGHED AGAIN AFTER THAT THERE SHELL BURST!

BANG!

I'VE SEEN THE ENEMY DIE TOO! THE SWAMPS HAD HUNDREDS OF GUERILLAS BEHIND OUR LINES! WE'D BRING UP THE GATLING GUNS!

TAK! TAKATAK! TAK ATAK! KAT TAK! TAK!

AND WE'D SLAY THEM THROUGH THE TOPS OF SUSPICIOUS TREES! FOR THE GUERILLAS WITH THEIR REMINGTONS GAVE US PLENTY TROUBLE!

THE REMINGTONS WITH THEIR SMOKELESS POWDER AND BRASS JACKETED BULLETS!

PERFECT FOR CLOSE RANGE BUSH WORK!... I SAW THE GUERILLAS FALL!

BY KETTLE HILL, I SAW THE SPANIARDS... SHOT *DEAD* FROM THE TREES!

JAKD

JUC

PASC

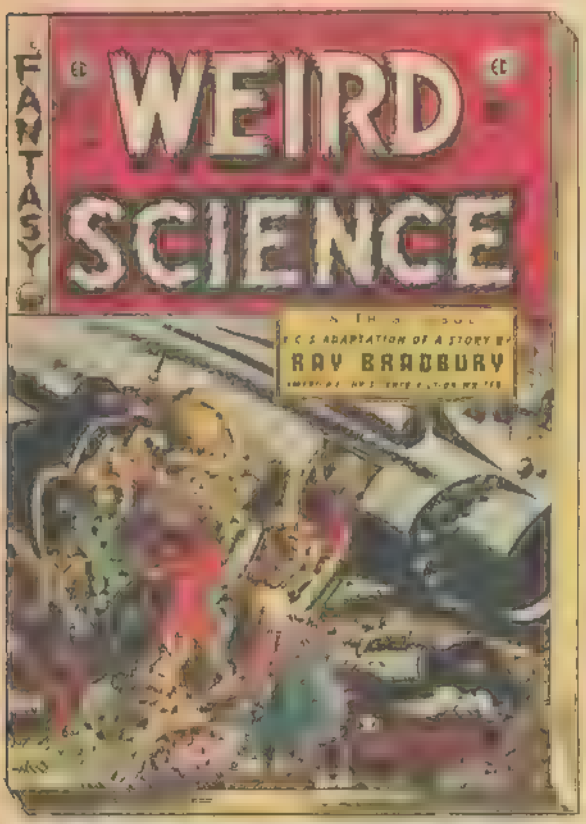
HUZZAH HOOEE! WAHOO!!

THUD!

YEAH... I'VE SEEN THE ROUGH RIDERS
ON THE ROAD TO SIBONEY..
AT GUASIMAS... ON THE SLOPES
OF SAN JUAN HILL...
I'VE SEEN THEM DIE LIKE SOLDIERS.
FROM THE MAUSER THE REMINGTON
THE MACHINE GUN AND CANNON!
I'VE SEEN THEM
DIE EVERY WAY
. BUT NOT LIKE
THIS! N-NOT LIKE
THIS.
...TO BE
EATEN ALIVE
BY LAND
CRABS...
WHOOPEE
YIP!
YIP!
YIP!
HOOEE
FEEHAH
WOW!
EEHAH!
WHOOPEE
BULLY, BOYS
BULLY! WE'VE
TAKEN THE
HILL
YIP!
YIP!
ROUGH!
TOUGH!
WE'RE THE
STUFF!!
WOW!
BULLY!
WEEHA!

E.C. FANS!

WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...



ANOTHER "NEW TREND" ENTERTAINING COMIC!

ON SALE NOW AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

When I was a young reporter on the London Daily Press, my duties took me as far afield as the Hurrum Hills on the seething Afghan border. It was here that my Irish friend, Patrick Tubridy, was brigaded with his regiment and some Scotch and Gurkha troops. Tubridy had more than once provided me with interesting copy on the sundry exploits of F Company. He was the typical foreign soldier in a foreign army in a foreign land!

I was sitting in his quarters, toasting him with his own sherry wine on his fourth promotion to the rank of sergeant . . . (he had been *demoted* from this rank three times!) I wanted to ask about some unguarded talk of a deserter in F Company. Desertion is rare in the colonial service!

"Privit Philip Belbin is a foine and bould and ilegant sodger . . . not a man ta go on the pump!" Tubridy's expression, "on the pump", meant one who deserts. This phrase came up many times in the ensuing story

. . . . .

Private Philip Belbin had spent his first twenty years in his native Australia and the last six months in the Anglo-Indian Army. Being rather short of stature, he had readily befriended a small but affable Gurkha soldier, Punda Rahbah. They spent their free time together, drinking beer in the Canteen . at which they singly excelled any six-foot grenadier on the post! While the others were hiding from the noonday sun, they bounded around the parade-grounds like two spirited wallabys and scrambled up rocky hills like nimble wall-creeper birds! Once Punda watched incredulously as Belbin brought down a running jackal with a funny curved stick! The Aussie showed the admiring Gurkha how to carve, treat with fire, and throw his own boomerang. Punda would let his friend take a few swipes with his cherished curved blade with the sharp edge on the concave side . . . tho *kukri!*

At this time, a lone "avenger of blood", a Pathan warrior with his Afghan sword,

roamed the hills near the garrison. He was sworn by religious fanaticism to avenge a near kin killed in a skirmish with the British, by taking the lives of *five* soldiers! In their peculiar lop-sided ratio, an "eye for an eye" was insufficient!!

Two unfortunate sentries and a Highlander were found hacked in so many pieces, their mismatching remains were buried all in a common grave. A few days later, Punda Rahbah foolishly left the fort to chop some wood for a new boomerang. Belbin found his kukri imbedded in an acacia tree and his head and shoulders behind a nearby rock. He was the *fourth* victim!

Belbin applied for the distasteful duty of sitting on a lookout peak which rose all the more closer to the blistering sun. From this vantage point, an observer could view the surrounding terrain for miles . . . and any living thing that moved! He was to send heliograph messages to the fort at regular intervals. He lugged his Martini rifle, two canteens of water, binoculars, and dot-dash mirror to the top of the rock. Routine messages flickered into the fort steadily for two hours—then stopped

Sergeant Tubridy himself took a patrol out to the lookout, fearful of finding the *fifth* victim. At the base of the perch, they found a Pathan, his head scalloped from his body by nothing less deadly than a kukri!! Belbin's binoculars lay next to the fanatic's sword which was crusted with *dry* blood.

Tubridy led his patrol back to the fort. Just as he arrived, another message flashed from the hills. *"Ten Pathans equal one Gurkha"!*

. . . . .

That's the story as told to me by Tubridy! His repeated insistence that the young Aussie did not go "on the pump" led me to surmise that he would return once he had fulfilled his "vengeance of blood". Unfortunately, my reporting duties took me away to another remote province of India

Thirty years have passed since then. As I sit here at my editorial desk in London, I have been scanning a list of those retired recently from service in the Anglo-Indian Army. I'm happy to read that *Captain Philip Belbin* of F Company is living on his pension . . . back home in Sydney, New South Wales, Australia!

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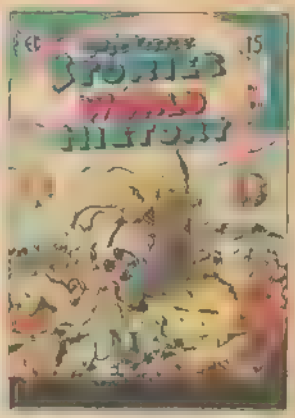

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FRONT LINES

Dear Editors,

In your Frontline Combat No. 9 Bull Run story, you have a Union baggage train going through the city of Washington. On the very same page, you have the Rebels marching by the capitol. I demand to know why?

John Cresswell
Morgantown, Va

. . You have soldiers in gray uniforms marching past the capitol. The printer must have made a mistake

Eddie Klatte
Harrodsburg, Ky

Why did you show Union soldiers in gray uniforms? You guys at E.C. are always accurate. What happened?

Philip Schneidet
Brooklyn, N. Y.

We received many letters on that controversial last panel of the first page of the Bull Run story! But we are sitting tight at our editorial desks under the barrage. Raw uranium would not melt in our mouths, because we did NOT make a mistake! Those soldiers marching past the capitol in gray uniforms ARE UNION SOLDIERS!!! They are wearing the particular uniform of their regiment. Turn to the top of page 2 in the Bull Run story, and you will read, "Soldiers, marching in the biggest helter-skelter of uniforms you ever saw . . ." Naturally, the uniforms of the North and South were soon standardized, and the BLUE and the GRAY became the distinctive and prevailing attire.—ed

Dear Editors,

I enjoyed your issue on the Civil War, but I was sorry to see that most of the stories were about the Yankees. Would you please include a story about Robert E. Lee in a future issue?

Ralph Thomas
Salem, Va

. . . Your issue of the Civil War was one-sided! You took the North's side. In the story, Bull Run, you make it sound as if the battle was won accidently by the Confederates. You do not mention the true way the hallowed soldiers of the South fought. In Bull Run you mentioned that the Union Soldiers were green! Maybe so, but if that is what caused them to lose the Battle of Bull Run, they must have stayed green all through the war. Please print the truth about how valiantly the South fought.

Robert L. Garrison
Big Stone Gap, Va

. I have just finished reading your special Civil War Issue, and I think it is the finest issue you have ever printed. From a rebel

Walter Stevens
Gloversville, S. C.

. . I have always bought and enjoyed E.C. mags, but the last issue (the Special Issue on the Civil War) stunk

Wesley James
Dayton, Tenn.

. . I think it is the best yet! I am a collector of Civil War guns, uniforms, ammo, flags, etc., and I really appreciate your accurate work. Your magazines are the most detailed in the field.

Chet Morron
Ridgewood, N. J.

We wish to make it clear that we do not mean to show more favoritism to the North than to the South. If our material appears to be slanted in favor of the North, it is quite unintentional. We plan to feature many heroes of the South in future issues . . . to name a few: Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and that crack Cavalry Commander, Nathan Bedford Forrest.—ed.

Dear Editors,

I would like to commend you for illustrating the true "STARS AND BARS" in your story on the Battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, and not the Confederate States' battle flag which is used in most cases, but which was not made until after this battle.

David M. Foley
Grand Marshal
Knights of the Southern Confederacy,
Charlotte, N. C.

Dear Editors,

How about a story on the Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac?

Fred Barth
Peoria, Ill.

Blockade, the story of the Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, appears in the current issue of TWO-FISTED TALES, No. 31, on sale now.—ed

Dear Editors,

How about some more stories on the Roman Empire?

Charles Gray
Detroit, Mich.

We'll give you a new slant on the Romans when we present Hannibal's crossing of the Alps in TWO-FISTED TALES, No. 32.—ed

Dear Editors,

How about another World War I story, like Zero Hour?

Steve Gelo
Binghamton, N. Y.

Look for the story of the Lost Battalion, a World War I story illustrated by Johnny Craig in TWO-FISTED TALES, No. 32.—ed

In closing, just a reminder that subscriptions are 75c per year . . . six issues . . . and the big new 128 page TWO-FISTED ANNUAL, with reprints from 1951, is 25c! Address for mail subscriptions, and TWO-FISTED ANNUAL orders is:

The Editors
Frontline Combat
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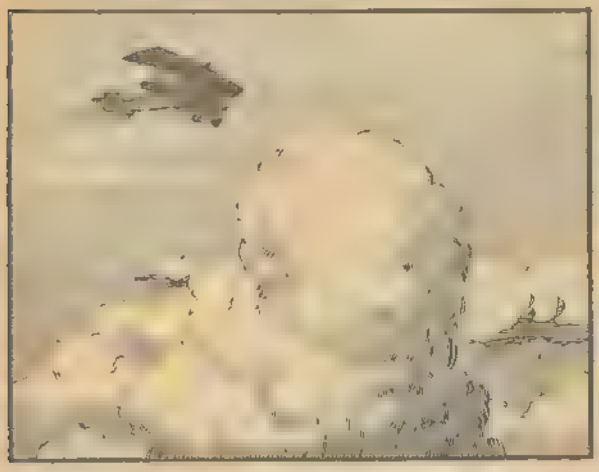
HERE'S A TRUE STORY THAT HAS SUCH A PUNCH ENDING... IT WILL HOLD UP WITH FICTION ANY OLD DAY IN THE WEEK! IT'S THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN ACE WHO FLEW WITH THE LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE IN WORLD WAR I! NO DOUBT YOU HAVE HEARD OF HIS NAME! IT WAS RAOUL...

LUFBERY!

HE WAS SHORT . THICK BUILT . RUGGED! AND HE FLEW AT THAT RARE FIFTEEN THOUSAND FOOT ALTITUDE THAT ONLY A RUGGED MAN COULD TAKE..



THAT WAS HIS FAVORITE POSITION. HIGH UP SO THAT WHEN HE'D SPOT A GERMAN AIRCRAFT PERHAPS A TWO PLACE RECONNAISSANCE PLANE

HE'D BE IN POSITION TO ATTACK! MANEUVERING INTO THE SUN HE'D THEN PUSH THE STICK FORWARD.

SLANTING HIS CRAFT INTO A LONG SCREAMING DIVE *EXHAUSTS POPPING, WIRES SINGING!* ***THEN***

THE TWIN VICKERS WOULD CHATTER OVER THE ROARING MOTOR, SPLINTERING WOOD, SNAPPING WIRE!

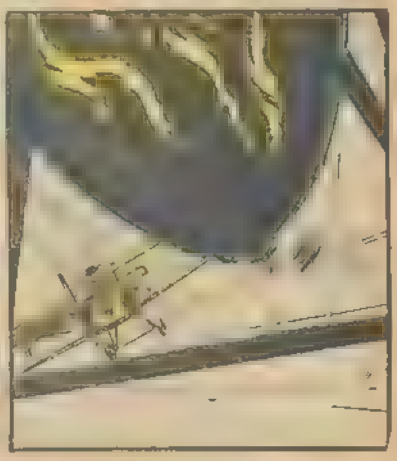
AND AS THE REAR GERMAN OBSERVER WOULD SWING HIS PARABELLUM ABOUT, THE LITTLE YELLOW NIEUPORT WOULD FLASH DOWN AND AWAY .

BUT LIKE A PESTERING GAD FLY, IT WOULD COME BACK THIS TIME FROM BELOW AT THE *SOFT, UNPROTECTED UNDERBELLY OF THE GERMAN AIRPLANE!*

AND EVEN THOUGH THE CLEVER GERMAN MIGHT SWING FROM SIDE TO SIDE TO BRING HIS GUNS TO BEAR ,

. LUFBERY WOULD FLY IN FEARLESSLY, RAKING THE BOCHE PLANE! AND ONCE MORE, HE'D FLASH AWAY

SLIPPING OFF ON A WING! AND A LITTLE TELL TALE LICK OF FLAME WOULD DART FROM THE GERMAN'S MOTOR!



AND THE FLAME WOULD BLOSSOM IN AN INSTANT INTO A HUGE GOUT OF GASOLINE FIRE! AND THE GERMAN WOULD HEAD TO EARTH RIDING HIS FUNERAL PYRE!

THAT'S THE WAY *LUFBERY* BECAME AN ACE! THAT'S THE WAY LUFBERY SCORED HIS 17 OFFICIAL VICTORIES AND LORD KNOWS HOW MANY *UNOFFICIAL* VICTORIES!

AND I REMEMBER HOW WE'D TALK OF FLYING AND DISCUSS WHAT WE'D DO IF OUR PLANE CAUGHT FIRE I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT *LUFBERY* SAID.

FRIGHTENED FREKYT NG TO GET DE FIRE OUDT DEN IF I SAW IT WAS NO USE I'D JUMP! MAYBE YOU'D FALL IN A TREE AND HA YOU COULDN'T BE NO WOISE OFF!

THAT WAS *LUFBERY'S* FUNNY ACCENT HIMSELF BEING AN ADVENTURER... TRAVELING ALL HIS LIFE! THEN ONE MORNING, A PLANE FLEW OVER THE TARMAC!

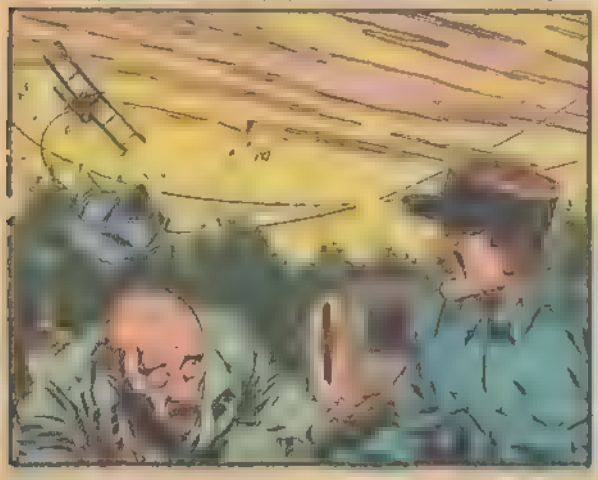
A GERMAN ALBATROS, FLOATING LEISURELY OVER, TAKING PHOTOS WITH ACK ACK FROM MT. MIHEL BANGING AWAY LIKE A BUNCH OF FURIES!

THEN THE ALBATROS STAGGERED HER NOSE DROPPING DOWN! AND WE THOUGHT ARCHY HAD GOT HER!

DOWN SHE CAME IN A LONG VRILLE, OR TAILSPIN... SLOW AT FIRST, THEN SPINNING FASTER!

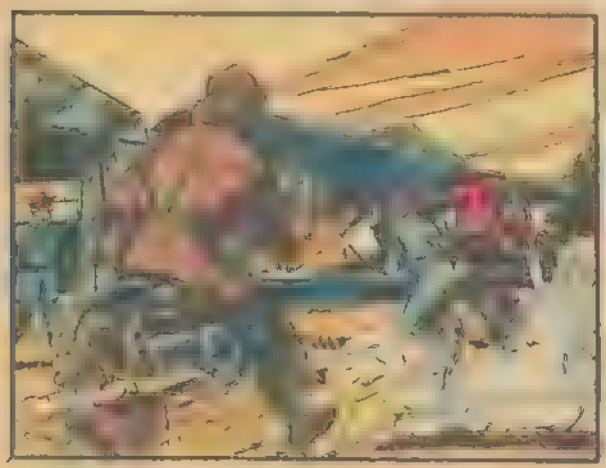
FASTER AND FASTER SHE WHIRLED AND WE WERE SURE THERE'D BE ONE ALBATROS LESS ON THE GLOBE!..

...200 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND, THE ALBATROS STOPPED SPINNING! THE SPIN HAD TURNED INTO A DIVE AND THE DIVE HAD TURNED TO A CLIMB!



THE CHEERS WERE QUICKLY CLAMPED IN OUR MOUTHS AS THE ALBATROS TURNED HER TRICKY TAIL AND PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE, HEADED FOR HOME!

MEANWHILE *LUFBERY'D* BEEN WATCHING THE SHOW FROM THE BARRACKS AND HE CAME ROARING UP ON A MOTORCYCLE! LUF'S OWN PLANE WAS OUT OF COMMISSION!



SO HE JUMPED INTO LT DAVIS'S PLANE WHICH HAPPENED TO BE WAITING ON THE FIELD! WHO KNOWS THAT IF NOT FOR *THIS*, *LUF'* MIGHT *STILL BE ALIVE TODAY!*

SIX MILES LATER, HE WAS DIVING TO THE ATTACK, HIS TWO VICKERS HAMMERING AWAY...

...BUT FOR A MOMENT! A GUN HAD JAMMED, AND LUF' CIRCLED WHILE CLEARING THE JAM!

APPARENTLY, THE GUN WAS CLEARED AND *LUF' RUSHED IN AGAIN FROM ABOVE AND BEHIND! SUDDENLY...*

..ONE OF THE GERMAN'S GUNS FOUND ITS MARK! A FLAMING BULLET KNIFED UP THROUGH LUF'S FUEL TANK, AND THEN CUT AWAY HIS THUMB!

BUT THE THUMB DID NOT MATTER! VERY FEW ELEMENTS BURN AS WELL AS GASOLINE, AND WITHIN SECONDS, THE NIEUPORT WAS A SPEEDING TORCH!

FOR A WHILE, LUF' FLEW ON A STRAIGHT COURSE TRAILING THICK OIL SMOKE! PERHAPS HE WAS TRYING TO FAN THE FLAMES AWAY FROM THE COCKPIT!

THEN WE WATCHED IN HORROR AS A TINY FIGURE CLIMBED TEDIOUSLY OUT OF THE COCKPIT, AND LAUNCHED ITSELF INTO THE AIR ABOVE!

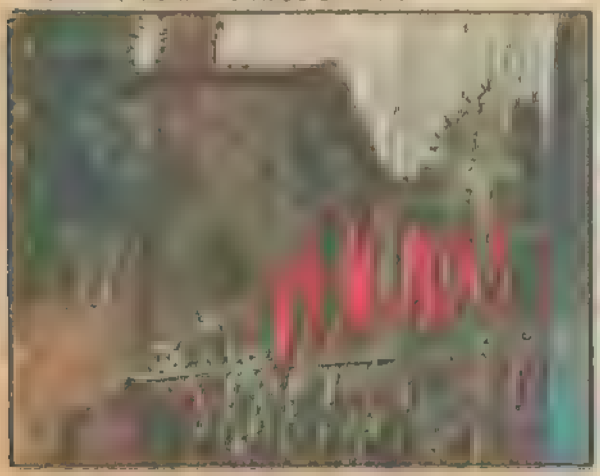
WE DIDN'T WEAR 'CHUTES IN THOSE DAYS AND POOR LUF' FELL LIKE A ROCK.

DOWN...

DOWN...

DOWN...

SOME SAY LUF' IN DESPERATION AIMED HIS BODY AT A LITTLE STREAM NEARBY; IN ANY CASE HE FELL INTO A PEASANT WOMAN'S ROSE GARDEN



FOR RAOUL LUFBERY CHOSE DEATH BY FALLING OVER DEATH BY FIRE; AFTER ALL IT WAS LIKE LUF' SAID 'YOU COULDN'T BE NO WOISE OFF!'

THE OTHER DAY WE ALSO VISITED THE NAVY! WE VISITED A FELLOW BY THE NAME OF MARTINEZ, A SILVER STAR WINNER! HE GAVE US THE MATERIAL FOR THIS STORY — A STORY THAT TOOK PLACE IN KOREA LAST YEAR DURING 'OPERATION KILLER'... A STORY THAT IS ABOUT A
SAILOR!
38
JACK DAVIS

HOW MANY OF YOU HAVE HEARD PEOPLE SAY THAT THE NAVY LETS THE ARMY DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK?

... HOW A SAILOR SLEEPS IN A NICE CLEAN BUNK WHILE THE SOLDIER IS WALLOWING IN MUD!

...LET'S FOLLOW A NAVY CORSAIR INTO KOREA, AND WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW SUCH IDEAS ABOUT SAILORS JUST AIN'T SO!

HEY, MARINES! HERE COME THE PLANES! I GUESS WE'LL BE MOVING, SOON!
WE'LL BE UP THE RIDGE IN NO TIME!
I JUST AS WELL STAY RIGHT HERE!
THE SOONER WE GET UP THERE THE SOONER WE'LL GET RELIEVED!
YEAH ... I WANNA GET BACK TO THAT REST CAMP AND WHIP UP A BATCH O SAKI!
HOW YOU MAKE THAT THERE SAKI?
WAAL VAROUS PEOPLE HAS THEIR VARIOUS WAYS! I GET A BIG POT SEE..
I FILLS ER WITH WATER AND SETS 'ER ON A FIRE TO BOIL AN' I PUT A LID ON TOP!
I SET SOME RICE ON THE LID THEN I CATCH THE DROPPINGS OFF THE LID IN LITTLE CANS!... PRESTO! SAKI!!
..FUNNY! HERE WE SIT! NOT MORE THAN 100 YARDS AWAY, MEN ARE SHOOTING AT US TRYING TO KILL US, AND HERE WE SIT TALKING ABOUT HOW TO MAKE JAPANESE BEER!

DIDN'T EVEN HEAR IT COMING! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A 75MM RECOILLESS RIFLE! THEY SAY YOU CAN'T HEAR A 75 MM COMING! I CAN'T HEAR AT ALL! MY EARS ARE RINGING! AM I HIT?
I FEEL O.K. NOTHING HURTS! IT DON'T HURT WHEN YOU'RE HIT BAD! THE OTHER BOYS ARE HIT BLOOD SPURTING LIKE A FOUNTAIN A CUT JUGULAR VEIN!
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN LYING HERE WHILE THAT JUGULAR VEIN'S BEEN SPURTING! BOY'LL BLEED TO DEATH!... PRESSURE POINT ON CHEST!... PRESS WITH KNEE! SHUT OFF BLEEDING!
GET THE CLAMPS OUT OF KIT GRAB THE VEIN I CAN'T GRAB THE VEIN! IT'S PULLED BACK INTO THE FLESH!
I'LL HAVE TO CUT THROUGH TO FIND THE VEIN! PUT A BLADE IN THE SCALPEL! HMF CLEVER THE WAY THEY KEEP BLADES IN STERILE ENVELOPES!
NOW! NOW I'VE GOT THE VEIN! QUICK! CLAMP THE VEIN WITH THE HEMOSTAT BEFORE IT SLIPS AWAY!

NOW... THROW A BANDAGE OVER CLAMPS AND EVERYTHING! A SHOT OF MORPHINE! THEY'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE AT THE AID STATION!
HEY, DOC! I THINK I CAUGHT SOME SHRAPNEL IN MY FACE! GIMME A HAND, DOC!
RELAX! I'LL FIX YOU UP IN NO TIME!
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK, NOW! ...NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE THAT SAK!
HMF!... HUMAN BODY SURE CAN STAND PUNISHMENT! ... FILL OUT TAGS AND SEND THESE MEN BACK! NAME... DIAGNOSIS... TREATMENT...
KEEP DOWN, DOC! THEY'RE FIRING AT US!
THE JEEP'LL TAKE YOU OUT! I'M GOING DOWN TRENCH TO SEE IF THERE WERE MORE CASUALTIES!
HA HA! LUCK! SOME GUYS CATCH IT RGHT OFF THE BOAT! I CATCH IT RGHT UNDER MY SEAT... TWICE, AND I'M NOT HIT YET!
4

WE THOUGHT THAT ONE GOT YOU SURE DID
I M O K ' WAS ANYBODY HIT OVER HERE ?
NO BUT THEY FOUND A CHINESE SOLDIER
HE S REALLY N BAD SHAPE THEY FOUND HIM ALL SHOT UP IN THAT BUNKER, HE S BEEN LYNG THERE FOR DAYS! WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER!
A WOUNDED PRISONER HUH! LET ME HAVE A LITTLE ROOM FELLAS! ...LOOKS LIKE GANGRENE S SET N
AWW DON T WASTE YOUR TIME, DOC! LET S PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY AND GET IT OVER WITH!
NO, NO! WE DON T GET T OVER WITH ! WE SAVE HIM LIKE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO.
THE W UND S ARE I CUT AWAY THE ISSUE BEFORE WE CAN SEND HIM BACK!
...STRANGE! WHEN A MAN IS DYING YOU CAN CUT PIECES OFF OF HIM WITHOUT MUCH REACTION! I GUESS HE KNOWS HE CAN T BE MUCH WORSE OFF!

THAT'LL HOLD HIM! I'LL GIVE HIM A DOSE OF MORPHINE TO PREVENT SHOCK FROM SETTING IN, AND YOU CAN TAKE HIM AWAY!
THERE HE GOES! I'M TIRED... AND HUNGRY! MUST BE TEN HOURS SINCE THIS ACTION STARTED!... COMBAT SURE ISN'T DULL! TIME PASSES QUICK!
WELL BOYS IT'S BACK INTO REST CAMP FOR US
HEY, DOC!
YOU'VE GOT BLOOD ALL OVER YOU!
DARN RIGHT I HAVE! I BEEN IN IT UP TO MY ELBOWS
NO, NO! THERE'S BLOOD RUNNING RIGHT DOWN YOUR ANKLE!
I'LL BE DARNED! I THOUGHT MY LEG WAS KIND OF STIFF! I MUST HAVE CAUGHT A COUPLE PIECES OF SHRAPNEL MYSELF!
COMBAT SURE ISN'T DULL! I ONCE SKINNED MY KNEE IN A BASE-BALL GAME AND I NEVER KNEW IT TILL I TOOK A BATH! THAT'S THE WAY THIS IS

REST CAMP! EVERYBODY OUT!
YOU FELLAS CAN GO RIGHT TO MESS TENT AND GET SOME HOT CHOW!
YOU STILL WITH US, DOC? I HEAR THE OLD MAN IS PUTTING YOU IN FOR A MEDAL FOR THE WAY YOU WORKED WOUNDED, UNDER FIRE!
AAAH! I WAS JUST SCRATCHED! LET'S GO GET CHOW!
HEY, MARINE! COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE TO FIND 'A-ONE-SEVEN'?
WELL, FIRST OF ALL, 'A-ONE-SEVEN' IS RIGHT HERE, AND SECOND OF ALL, I'M NOT A MARINE! I'M A SAILOR, HOSPITAL CORPSMAN FIRST CLASS, ATTACHED TO THE MARINES!

THE NAVY CORSAIRS ARE WINGING OUT OF KOREA, WINGING BACK TO THE MOTHER FLAT-TOP OFFSHORE!

AND DOWN BELOW, IN THE MUD OF KOREA, A *SAILOR* WATCHES...SO WHEN SOMEONE TELLS YOU...

...THAT THE NAVY DOESN'T DO ANY OF THE DIRTY WORK, YOU TELL THEM THAT IT *JUST AIN'T SO!*

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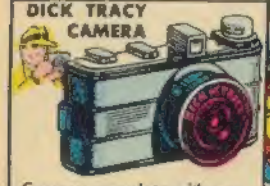

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